

SEEING THINGS WITH THE GOOGAN GIRLS

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THE GOOGAN GIRLS

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Studio 365 Tallest Building

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY FOR ARCHIE.

By Helena Smith Dayton. Pictures by Angie Breakpear.

"Every motor in town busy!" groaned the Googan girls, pacing the studio. "And Forest Hill further away than Sheridan at his furthest!" sighed Tilly.

"We must get a car out to Mrs. Huntington!" wailed Lilly. "There's a fussy sheriff en route to Forest Hill," reminded Tilly. "I suppose we'd have to creep all the way—even if we had a car."

Lilly, gazing down into the street, gave a sudden shriek of excitement. "Look, look!" she cried. "Observe that son of luxury awaiting his chauffeur in that lovely car. Wouldn't it be a pink plan with large blue trusting eyes, to borrow the car and take the owner for a day in the country? Jump in—whisk off—and explain as we go!"

Tilly was already planning on her hat. If the scheme had merit it must be tried at once.

As a figure vaulted into the driver's seat of the handsome big car chugging at the curb, the white-flanneled owner, with arms folded, never glanced around.

"You needn't have been so demned long," he growled. "We're late now!" Five minutes later he discovered Lilly Googan instead of Jim Swift at the wheel.

"Don't scream and make a scene," snapped Lilly crossly. "You aren't being kidnapped—only borrowed."

"I'll be—" gasped the man. "This is an outrage—a—"

"You'll be returned with every hair of your head uninjured," reassured Lilly. "Don't be frightened."

"Frightened?" snorted the enraged owner of the car. "I'm provoked! Deucedly provoked!"

"Oh dear, are you?" demanded a plaintive voice from the tonneau.

"Eh?" cried the man with a jump. Then, as he gazed from the driver to the duplicate on the back seat, his good nature returned.

"No, demme, I'm—charmed!" he admitted. "It is a jolly adventure. And I say! How well you manage the car. It's a good joke on Jim Swift, my driver, you know!"

"It's a pity to play Russian lady and throw the child to the wolves," whispered Tilly Googan into Lilly's pearl-adorned ear. "But we need his car—and the sheriff needs one of us!" As



"We Trust They Will Be Careful of Archie, for We May Want to Use Him Again."

she spoke the rural stickler for the speed law loomed in their path. "Stop, you!" yelled the constable, "or I'll shoot!"

Lilly obligingly brought the car to a standstill. "Is this your autymobile?" demanded the law, chewing a whisp of hay and eyeing the party severely.

"It is," admitted the young man, with the pride of ownership. "Don't you like the color scheme?"

"New, I don't," said the sheriff. "And I'm jest goin' to put you where the breeze can blow on you and let you cool off!"

"What's the fine?" demanded the owner of the car, putting his hand in

his pocket. Then he turned scarlet. Case of "other clothes."

"Never mind," consoled Lilly Googan, cheerfully. "We'll get the price and come back for you—if this kind gentleman will let us."

"Yes—you kin go," said the sheriff magnanimously. "I don't like to be dispolite to ladies. But your beau here—"

"He's not my beau," interrupted Lilly.

"Well—your sister's beau—has got to stay. He's an old offender!"

"We won't forget you," called Tilly. "Yes—we'll speak of you often—and always kindly," added Lilly.

"Thanks awfully," snapped the prisoner in frost-bitten tones. "And if you ever pass this way again—look in and see me."

"A nice day in the country will do you good," was the parting consolation of the Googans.

As the day wore away the young man, who had been checked like so much excess baggage until called for, grew hot under the collar in the "Hanging is a demned sight too good for those girls!" raged the unhappy owner of the car. Indeed, so violent became the prisoner when hours passed and he wasn't released, the sheriff declared he was the most "desp'it criminal" encountered in years.

And yet, when the honk-honk of the motor sounded without and the voices



When the Googans Heard Archie's Real Name It Keeled Them Over.

of the kidnapers could be heard pleading with the sheriff the young man's indignation died away. Poor girls, no doubt they had been to unlimited trouble to raise the money.

"How are you, poor, dear Percy?" asked Lilly putting her face close to the barred window.

"Poor Clarence; we came back just as soon as we possibly could!" echoed Tilly.

"I'm ready to leave this miserable pen," growled their victim.

"There's only one condition," sighed Lilly. "Otherwise we shall be obliged to leave you here all night. We wouldn't like to do that."

"I wouldn't like to have you," snapped the young man. "What are your terms. Really! As if it weren't enough—"

"We are the Googan girls," explained Lilly, "who have a very neat little profession called Motoropathy. We help solve problems and rescue motorists in trouble. You are a motorist in trouble. We have come to your rescue. Now then—we have another client also in trouble. She is giving a dinner out here at her country place—and there's a man shy. No one to take in the wealthiest debutante of the season—if not the prettiest one. We promised to supply the vacancy, at the same time doing a good turn for you. I've only to mention to this sheriff that you are on your way to this dinner—and he'll let you go instantly. A big pull and all that sort of thing. It'll be a great chance for you to get into society, too. It's not everyone who can get into society by going to jail."

"But I can't go in these clothes," protested the white-flanneled young man.

"Then you prefer to stay here all—" began Tilly.

"I'll go," interrupted the prisoner hastily.

"You girls are perfect wonders!" exclaimed Mrs. Huntington. "This morning when I needed a car and there wasn't one in town, you, by some miracle, supplied one and saved the day for me. Then, when the lion of my party, whom Bobby Cartwright promised to bring, turned down the invitation, you have a substitute right at hand. Of course, my heart is broken because Archie Van Stille, the famous cottillon leader, scorned my hospitality. But what else can climbers expect at first? I had a glimpse of your friend and he really is presentable. I think Brother Jim's clothes will just fit him."

Mrs. Huntington and the Googan girls were waiting for the young man to come down when Bobby Cartwright joined them.

"I forgot to ask him his name," whispered Lilly. "How'll we make the introduction?"

But at this point the nameless victim of their strategy came sauntering down the stairs.

"Archie Van Stille!" shouted Cartwright. "I thought you wasn't coming?"

"I changed my mind," replied that gentleman calmly.

When the Googans heard Archie's real name it keeled them over.

"You clever girls have just made me socially!" said Mrs. Huntington as the girls were departing. "I don't see how you ever managed it!"

"It was easy," smiled Tilly Googan. "But be careful of Archie," cautioned Lilly, "for we may want to use him again!"

FEW KNOW WHAT THEY WANT.

Melancholy Man Thinks He Has Made Great Discovery.

"I think," announced the melancholy man, "that I have discovered the secret of much unhappiness in this world. It is that large numbers of people are constitutionally incapable of knowing what they want to do."

"It follows," he went on with a sigh, "that the things which they are doing are, very likely, those which do not appeal to them. They can stop them, of course, but what assurance have they that they will be any better off the next time?"

"It is only by a process of gradual—very gradual—elimination that they can hope to arrive at anything passably satisfactory, and even when this end is attained it is more by luck than by design. The person who really is to be congratulated is the man or woman absolutely sure of what he or she wants and who goes after it with every bit of energy that can be summoned up."

"Such persons may not succeed in their aims," the melancholy man con-

THE OLD MAN'S MONEY.

Depositor Was Altogether Too Suspicious of Bank Officials.

"Did you hear 'bout the old man's experience in the bankin' business?" "No; what was it?"

"Why, he put \$60 in bank—first money he'd ever put there—an' the boys tol' him that he'd better keep an eye on the bank, as they failed mighty frequent, an' he wuz liable to lose all."

"Well?"

"Well, he hung 'round that bank so constant that the bank people got suspicious of him, an' thought he wuz goin' to blow the bank up; whenever he seen the cashier come out, he followed him 'round town, always keepin' him in sight; an' it wuz the same way with the bank 'president, an' all the clerks; an' when he finally applied for a job as janitor o' the institution—so's he could be on the spot in case o' trouble—they had him arrested an' the judge decided that he was crazy an' they wuz jest about to send him to the lunatic asylum when his friends explained things an' the

LEFT VAST SUM TO MASONIC BODY



Thomas R. Patton, who was treasurer of the grand lodge of Masons of Pennsylvania and who died recently, has left his entire estate of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 to the grand lodge of his state for the education and support of male orphans of Master Masons.

cluded, "but if they are disappointed in one set of ambitions they are apt to take up with another. What a pity it is that their enthusiasm and confidence are not contagious."

In the Shadow of the Sacred Cod.

A young lady, evidently an amateur fisherman, presented an odd sight as she walked up Atlantic avenue Sunday with a large cod in her hand. To all appearances she had been fishing and the fish that she carried was the prize of the catch. She insisted on carrying it with her on the electric car, and although many held their noses as the car sped on she paid no attention to them, but instead simply smiled.—Boston Evening Record.

American Archbishops.

Of the fourteen archbishops in the United States, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia is the oldest, and he is but 76 years of age. Cardinal Gibbons is 73. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who comes next in point of years, is 69. Archbishop Keane of Dubuque is 68, and Archbishops Farley and Riordan of New York and San Francisco respectively are 65.

bank folks give him his money, an' tol' him to git!"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Learning to Fish.

A middle-aged man created a sensation the other day at a kite-flying contest by appearing with a rod and reel. His kite, attached to a fishing line, shot heavenward in beautiful style—something really Eddyesque. When it got up about 300 feet the man passed the tackle over to his little son, saying: "There you are, Chester; you've got a twenty-pound fish in the sky; play him for all he's worth." It was a pleasure to watch the boy. He would "reel her out" and "reel her in." Every other youngster on the field was filled with envy. We old fellows know that a kite will bite and tug and dart and dive just like a fish; and here is a boy learning the art of angling on dry land, far from boats and dangerous storms. Splendid sport. Cheap and manly. And it makes good fishermen.

More Prosperity.

"What are you doing now?" "Gone into bee culture." "How's business?" "Humming."

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GULF



Map showing route of the proposed \$300,000,000 waterway to connect the Great Lakes with the Mississippi river.

RULERS OF CAPITAL

HOW DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA IS GOVERNED.

City Under the Direct Control of Congress—Was Incorporated in 1802 with a Population of Only 3,000.

The city of Washington was not incorporated until 1802, at which time its population was only about 3,000. The government then was entirely different from the present form.

Its charter provided for a mayor, to be appointed annually by the president, and for a city council of 12 members, to be selected by the white male inhabitants who had paid taxes the previous year.

The corporation had authority to levy taxes, provide police, health and building regulations, to maintain and repair streets and to do other things usually done by municipal corporations.

In 1812 a slight change was made, the mayor being selected by the qualified voters. This act also gave enlarged powers to the corporation. It is interesting to note that prior to 1812 neither the mayor nor the members of the council received any pay for their services.

Slight changes were again made in 1820, from which date until 1871, when the charter was revoked and a new form of municipal government was established, the mayor was elected by the vote of the qualified electors. The board of aldermen and common council elected by the taxpayers continued to legislate for the city.

Considerable diplomacy had to be used in securing the land necessary for the city. Nineteen of the proprietors, in consideration of the great benefit they expected to derive from having the federal city laid off upon their land, finally agreed to convey all their land to the president or the commissioners appointed by him under these conditions:

First—They were to receive no compensation for the land taken for streets, the title to which should be in the United States.

Second—The president was authorized to retain, as many squares as he thought necessary for public improvement or other public uses, for which land they should receive \$66 2-3 an acre.

Third—The balance was to be laid out in lots, one half to go to the United States, the other half to the owners of the land.

The money received from the sale of lots belonging to the United States was to be used in paying for the land taken for public use and in erecting public buildings. Other land was obtained by condemnation.

The changes made in 1871 provided a municipal government for the entire district. The executive officer was a governor, appointed by the president, for a term of four years. The legislative body was an assembly composed of a council and a house of delegates, the members of the former being appointed by the president, the members of the latter elected by the qualified voters.

The district was allowed a delegate in the house of representatives, who was also elected by the qualified voters, and who was a member of the committee on the District of Columbia of the house of representatives. There were several boards provided, the principal one being the board of public works, composed of the governor and four other persons, which had authority to make building regulations, build bridges and sewers and to perform other similar duties.

In the District of Columbia all real and personal property, except the property of the United States and the District, property of foreign governments used for legation purposes, church property, property used for educational purposes and farm land are taxed at the rate of one and one-half per cent. Land used for farming purposes is taxed at one per cent. The law provides that to the extent congress shall approve the estimates made by the commissioners it shall appropriate one-half thereof from the revenues of the District of Columbia and one-half from the treasury of the United States, so that the general government pays one-half, the other half being raised by taxation.

The district has no delegate in congress as the territories have. The commissioners appear before the committee of the senate on the District of Columbia to urge the legislation they think necessary, and before the appropriation committee to explain the financial needs of the district.

The schools are under a board of education appointed by the judges of the supreme court of the district, and consisting of nine members, three of whom must be women. There are 12 medical inspectors for the schools, working under the health officer of the district.

The judiciary of the District of Columbia consists of a court of appeals, which is composed of a chief justice and two associate justices; a supreme court, composed of a chief justice and five associate justices; a police court of two judges; justices of the peace and several United States commissioners. All of these judges and justices of the peace are appointed by the president. The judges are continued by the senate, and hold office during good behavior. The justices of the peace are appointed for a term of four years.—Ohio Magazine.

COLORED PEOPLE IN CAPITAL.

Nearly 100,000 of the Race Are Living in the City.

More colored people live in Washington than in any other city, 95,000 of the total population of 330,000 being African. Many Washington colored people are among the most advanced of their race, and Washington is the only city where there is a distinct Afro-American society which applies the standards of American morals and manners to its own conduct.

While the colored people are represented on the school board, have places of honor and profit under the district government and enjoy equality before the law, the presence of such large numbers of the race is partly responsible for Washington's peculiar government, for not all Washington colored people are of the better class. Many of them are ignorant and shiftless, and the criminal records of the district show this lower class in an unfavorable light. The last annual report showed that of the total number of births among the colored population of the city, more than 25 per cent. were illegitimate. It would be practically impossible to persuade congress, as at present constituted, to give the District of Columbia suffrage on the South Carolina plan and thus eliminate the colored vote. If universal manhood suffrage was granted, the national capital would be ruled by the colored people, and there is no party or faction in congress, however small, which is willing that such a condition of affairs should be brought about. This condition deters agitation for the suffrage.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

When I planned to spend my vacation 'with the folks' in my home state west of old Big Muddy I thought to surprise them by having only brand-new money," he said in telling the story, "and consequently was careful not to fold it. After I had been about the little town for a few hours I felt of my chin and concluded to get a shave. The barber did not know me, and when I took a bright new dollar out of my bill book he took it gingerly and turned it over and over. 'This all you got?' he asked. I was amused at his greenness, and said there were more where that came from, and took the whole flat 'bundle' out of my pocket and told him to take his choice. 'Where did you come from, man?' he asked, and to save time I had to tell him I was from Washington and worked for Uncle Sam.

"For three days it was the same story wherever I went. Merchants were so used to ragged and dirty bills that resembled dish rags that they looked with suspicion on brand-new money that had never been folded. In the end I went to a bank and explained the situation and asked to have the new bills exchanged for the kind the natives were used to. And even the cashier did not like the proposition one bit. It was some time before I could convince him, with the aid of several letters I happened to have in my pocket, that I was not a green goods artist with nerve enough to try the game on a country bank. Never again will I try to act as if the government turned out money for my especial benefit."

"Hot and Then Some."

An employe of the agricultural department has received a letter from his home in Alabama, and which contains the information that the heat there is something tremendous and that hens are laying hard-boiled eggs. The writer states that no stoves have been used for cooking for several days, the people using the hot stones which are scattered throughout the town.

"Back in 1896," relates a former editor of a weekly paper in Georgia, but now employed in the pension office, "we had an awful hot spell in my state. Fact is, a great many of our people thought the last day was close to hand, and so strong was this belief that hundreds of my subscribers who never had paid a cent came to town and forked over every red they owed. If it had not been for that hot spell I do not suppose I ever would have collected for the best weekly in Georgia."

"When the scare was over and the weather moderated I quietly sold my paper and pulled out. I thought it a deuced good time to stay even. Hot weather that can make a delinquent subscriber square up with the printer is hot some and a little more."

Could Provide for Many.

Secretary Taft, the hugest statesman of his time, took a yellow car in Washington to go to the capital. He nearly filled the seat, but at Thirteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue a small boy got on and timidly sat down beside the gigantic secretary.

The small boy wore what was obviously a suit of clothes made over for him from his father's clothes. He was rather proud of it, too, for after riding a block or two he said to the secretary: "My mamma made me this suit out of one of papa's."

"Indeed!" said the secretary; "I think it is a very pretty suit."

The small boy looked the big secretary over. "Say, mister," he said, after the survey was completed, "how many of your little boys has to wear your clothes?"—Saturday Evening Post.